

One and the Same

Robert DeLong

It grows in the walls,
it knows my name,
is it reason or paranoia?
or are they one and the same?

It's not, its not, it's not a dream
They're coming after me
Yes you, you yourself are the proof,
you don't even know what's in your hand
look at your hand, the knife in your hand

I had my chance,
to walk away,
from my future,
but today is the day

I saw you in the kitchen,
clutching the blade,
your eyes were glazed and fluid,
propaganda they splayed.

You said we'd become immortal,
with computers for a brain,
as you plunged the knife in your chest I died,
because we are one and the same.

One and the same
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